

JAPANESE VICTORIES

AS A MENACE TO THE WORLD



"The Victory of Japan over Russia Must Inevitably Cry 'Halt!' to Our Progress in Asia"



"We Are Being Made Fools of by the Williest, Politest, Most Arrogant People of Modern Times"



It is our custom to invest those whom we may admire in some one respect with admirable qualities in all other respects. The small Japanese nation, engaged in conflict with the great Russian nation, early won our sympathies, and the steady success of the former has excited our admiration as their valor and devotion have aroused our enthusiasm.

For a year our press and people have been active in praise of the Japanese training, the Japanese home life and the general Japanese method of doing things. A people who can produce a Togo, an Oyama and a Kuroki must be, we have agreed, a great people, and we have been inclined and are still inclined to so regard them in all national respects. In so doing we are making, in my opinion, a great national mistake, a mistake which may lead to serious consequences in our future relations with the Far East, and one which should be corrected as soon as possible.

The Japanese, for our own good, should be neither overestimated nor undervalued by us. I am not pro-Russian—I am simply American; but I am one of those Americans who having lived among this strange, heathen race, have read the highfalutin enthusiastic admiration of them, now so common with irritation if not pain. We are making fools of ourselves, or rather we are being made fools of, by perhaps the williest, politest, most conceited and most arrogant people of modern times.

The question of the hour is, not what we think of the Japanese, but what the Japanese really think of us. The question is, What they are going to do to us and with us, and with other civilized nations, now that the savage millions of Japan and China have learned their strength and are armed with the best modern weapons with which to express it. When Baron Kaneko at Carnegie Hall in New York City recently declared that this war was a religious war, he told a truth which every statesman has recognized already, one whose future significance is apparent to every reader of history.

And it is full time that we recognize the fact that we are touched elbows in the Philippines with a triumphant pagan race which is not in sympathy but on the contrary is naturally at enmity with ourselves, a semi-civilized, heathen and savage people whose ideals clash with our own in every particular, who are heterogeneous to us in every humane and moral aspect. Before we talk of alliance and friendship we first should consider the character of the ally and friend. What then, as the first consideration, is the Japanese race?

As a people, they are far below us in the scale of evolution. They represent a white Indonesian strain engrafted upon a Negroid stock. That there has been negro blood in the Japanese ancestral races is proved by the frequent occurrence of black pigment spots on the flattened root of the nose of the common people, and by the fact that the five great daimio families, to one of which every Mikado has belonged, are of white Indonesian blood.

The ruling white blood of Japan has been maintained in its imperfect measure of purity by a social system of concubinage. The Mikado of to-day followed one high-class wife and twelve concubines. The noble princesses in most instances are sterile, and the concubines are the mothers of possible new

By
Albert S. Ashmead, M.D.
Formerly Foreign Director of the Tokio Hospital, Japan

Mikados. The present Prince Imperial, the future Mikado, the God-man who is to be fought for and died for in future pagan wars, has for mother such a woman. The lower-class blood of the nation has more or less contaminated these higher-bred families, and it is this blacker blood of the nation which has kept alive the upper current of society. The lower we descend through the various social strata of the Japanese race the blacker they appear, until we reach the despised outcast, the curly-headed Negritoid Eta.

From such a race, mixed in blood and savage in ancestry, we naturally should expect a low and primitive view of woman, and this we find. Woman is the puppet and the slave, as in all Oriental countries, tempered in the case of Japan by such consideration as is due to the mother of a warrior race. With concubinage in the palace, one naturally would look for a low order of morality among the masses of womanhood; and we find such a morality a regular part of the social system, more solidly and completely organized, in fact, than in any other country of to-day.

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This, however, is only a single ramification of a moral or ethical code which represents the very soul of the nation, and which will be astounding to many readers. The ideal of any people represents the heart of the people, the basis of public opinion, the goal toward which progress is making its way. Our own is the Christian ideal, Christ upon Calvary, the ideal of loving one another, of bearing one another's burdens. To properly appreciate the unbridgeable chasm that lies between us and the Japanese one has only to contrast this ideal with theirs.

They are a nation of idolaters. Their religions are two, Buddhism and Shintoism. In spite of the softening influences of Buddhism since the

sixth century, the Japanese heart has remained savage, and is as much so now as when it adopted as its national symbol the blood-red color natural to the fire-worshipping instinct of the descendants of fire-worshippers. The ferocity of the Yellow Dragon which haunted the crater of Fugi-san, the holy fire-mountain, is still the real spirit of the Samurai, and this is why as a people they are great in war. They are great fighters. Fighting is their salient, if not their only greatness, because the worship of blood and fire is in their very blood. The use of fire in warfare when it began to replace the sharp swords welded into blades by fire, the flame from the muzzle of a gun, had in it and has in it an intoxication and an exaltation which were and are religious and superstitious as well as combative. The blood-red sun is the symbol borne upon their flag; the god Koupira, sitting among the flames, is worshiped to-day.

None the less are they idolaters in the broadest sense. The pagan temples crown every height and adorn every highway. To graven images on holy shrines are brought all the cares, troubles and hopes of daily life. Binzura Soupis (health-gods) regulate their health; the Shichimen, seven-headed snakes, Dai-Butzus, Great Buddhas, Fudo-Sans, fire-gods in blazing flames, the Seven Precious Jewels of the Dragon Shrines, the idol Jizo, scrubbed with straw to make it clean—these are the Gods who control the national heart and direct the national impulses. There is no belief in immortality except a period of purification for the wicked who have sinned against the Emperor. Shinto priests are the intercessors between the people and Yemima (Satan), and money can buy salvation. Everyone of the magnificent Japanese sailors on the magnificent ships in the magnificent battle of the Sea of Japan worships at the shrine of the Snake-God whose temples line all the coasts. It thus may be understood that their virtues are not our virtues, their ways are not our ways.

It therefore becomes not only interesting but highly important to inquire what ethical or moral teachings come from these altars, what principles of conduct, what ideas of duty, necessarily must guide them in their view of ourselves and their future dealings with ourselves. And by way of preface a word or two must be said as to their most salient characteristic, the quality which every person has had impressed upon him who ever has had any dealings with a Japanese. This is the quality which invariably accompanies quick intelligence and low cunning, viz, that overvaluation of oneself which we call conceit and arrogance.

To them we are and always will be Western barbarians. Keenly appreciative of all we have learned, they yet as a nation laugh at us for what we are. I intimately knew in Japan a graduate of Harvard, who returned to his own country in a silk hat, creased trousers, all the external embellishments of our civilization, which he wore for a day or two with the pride of the traveler and the cynical amusement of the true Japanese. One day afterward, at his home, I found him squatting bare-legged on a mat in regulation suspensory and kimono. His cynical, contemptuous smile when I referred to the change was the rarely revealed but true opinion of us which pervades all Japan.

A nation of hypocrites and liars in all their dealings with us, this fact best and most undeniably appears from their own literature, and along with it the frank, unconscious

THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE for July 30 will contain the opening chapters of "Karl Grier: The Strange Life of a Man With a Sixth Sense," a new serial, or more correctly a new series of short stories, by Louis Tracy, the famous author of "Souls on Fire," the thrilling romance which was brought to a conclusion in *The Sunday Magazine* for June 11, and author also of "The Wings of the Morning," "The Pillar of Light," "The Great Mogul" and other tales.

"Telegnomy," or Karl Grier's far-knowing sense, strictly speaking, is not a new sense, as one differentiates seeing from hearing, or taste from touch, but a transcendental union of human reason with animal attributes. Its stupendous range, its curiously rational limitations, will be grasped only by an intelligent reading of these remarkable memoirs.

Early in September *The Sunday Magazine* will put forth another great serial, a mystery tale of absorbing interest from first page to last, by Gordon Holmes, a new name in the literary world, but a master-hand, as was evidenced by his successful story entitled "A Mysterious Disappearance."